Presumption

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Presumption

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal masturbates to fantasies of Will - fantasies that he intends to some day make a reality.

Notes

I loved the idea of the One Stringed Melody challenge, but didn't think I'd have chance to do it... Then I was inspired by a tumblr thread and some of the comments Beatricenius/rodabonor made about Hannibal being unapologetically and comfortably who he is. So... I've ended up writing a short prequel to the trans Hannibal fic I'm currently working on.

See the end of the work for more notes

presumption
prɪˈzʌm(p)ʃ(ə)n/

an idea that is taken to be true on the basis of probability // behaviour perceived as arrogant, disrespectful, and transgressing the limits of what is permitted or appropriate.

*

Hannibal couldn't help the smile as he read Will's text message. There was nothing more to it than a confirmation of their appointment the next evening, but nonetheless it was always affirming to know he was in the man's thoughts.

Will Graham was certainly a great deal in his.

Hannibal placed down his glass of wine and shifted a little on the overstuffed chair. His suit suddenly feeling constrictive as he placed the phone next to the wine.

They had been skirting around something for a long while now. Between lingering looks, and reassurances that they were merely having conversations, it felt like the only thing holding them back from a natural exploration was Will's cautiousness. His interest was clear, but also his desire for Hannibal to truly be his paddle. More - a clutch for balance. He needed something - someone - to ground him and Hannibal wasn't about to let that opportunity pass by, despite Will's caution.

He mused that, given he was yet to discuss with Will his particular *situation*, he should be the one exercising caution. But Hannibal had left caution behind many years ago, along with any concerns over his physical being and any doubts he had. He was confident in himself, in his body, in his

physicality and sexuality. He was also confident that Will Graham - despite any hesitations he might have, and any persuasion that might be required - would be receptive.

He could imagine - had often imagined - the ways in which Will might be receptive. First, he would press Will to a wall and kiss him breathless. Sliding his hand down to fondle Will's growing interest, as the man groaned into his mouth.

As he was now, Hannibal would be both wet and hard. Aching for Will to reciprocate the attentions.

The next bit played out differently at times, depending on how he was feeling when he imagined this arising situation. Sometimes he would be wearing a packer, sometimes not - both eventualities confusing Will for a moment, before he caught on and resumed his hungry assault of Hannibal's mouth. Sometimes Hannibal wore a packer that could be used as a dildo, turning Will roughly and taking him apart slowly with fingers and then his cock. Sometimes he ended up with his back against the wall, his legs wrapped around Will as the man fucked up into his welcoming, wet, heat. Sometimes they relocated to his bed, spending countless hours exploring each other's naked flesh with a shared, insatiable, passion. Sometimes they exchange lewd words of encouragement. Sometimes they were silent but for gasps and moans.

Hannibal relaxed back in his chair and flicked open his trouser button and slowly lowered his fly, imagining Will's hand performing the action. Still in the suit he had been wearing throughout the day, Hannibal was packing - an unassuming silicon piece that sat neatly in the jock he wore under his underwear. He rubbed at it, as he allowed his thoughts to expand - venturing into a very specific set of rooms within his mind palace.

Though the flacid, silicon, cock in his hand could give him no direct pleasure, stroking it pressed it harder against the sensitive lower growth testosterone had afforded him. Hannibal let out a low moan, rumbling deep in his chest, as he imagined Will sucking deep kisses into the sensitive flesh of his neck.

In this fantasy, his hand was Will's hand and Will's response was both positive and eager.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Will asked, no malice or confusion.

"I decided to show you instead. Does it matter?" Hannibal's response was almost a moan as Will's hand continued to squeeze and pummel at his packer - causing a delicious friction against his true cock beneath.

"No. No, it doesn't." Will replied breathlessly, hesitating just a moment before pulling his hand back and then easily sliding it between the packer and Hannibal's skin - seeking Hannibal's most intimate flesh.

Hannibal kept his breathing level, a practiced skill, as he spread his legs a little and moved his hand under the jock - sliding his fingers alongside his cock. He slipped them down to gather some of his wetness, sliding slicked fingers back up - one each side of his cock - to begin sliding back and forth.

This bit of course was pure fantasy - he had no reason to believe that Will would know how to pleasure someone with his anatomy. Would he assume he would need to pleasure him as he might a cis woman? Would he perhaps ask - whispering breathless questions in filthy language about how Hannibal wanted to be fucked?

That was a particularly pleasing scenario, but for this evening, he preferred to imagine rough and knowing Will.

”Fuck, you feel so good.” Will muttered against his lips as he ground his cock against Hannibal’s thigh. His hand was between Hannibal’s legs, wet fingers working him deftly. In a perfected motion, they pumped Hannibal’s cock - the head of it now incredibly sensitive as it brushed against the packer it was still largely trapped against.

“Would you like to pleasure me Will?” Hannibal’s voice was a low growl and he felt Will shudder against him, nod against him. He knew the man was biting his lip, closing his eyes and trying not to come in his pants at Hannibal’s words.

“Yes…” It came out on a shaky breath. Their mouths found each others again as Hannibal began to shuck down his trousers, underwear and packer.

Will’s breath became all the heavier as his hand was given more range - no longer restricted by layers. He sped his pace and Hannibal leaned back against the wall, his legs parting a little more as Will worked him almost roughly. His desperation to bring Hannibal pleasure, to have him come at his hand, was palpable.

Hannibal dragged his lips from Will’s mouth, over stubbled flesh to his ear and whispered, “I want your mouth on me.”

Will groaned.

Hannibal lifted his hips, managing to pull all layers and his packer down so that they pooled at his feet, sock suspenders revealed and legs parting on the warm seat. Wishing there was a mouth on him instead, he moved his fingers down and dipped them into his wet front hole. It was so easy to imagine Will, now dropped to his knees, one of Hannibal’s legs over his shoulder - opening him completely as Will pressed his tongue inside him.

Hannibal shuddered, his hands splayed against the wall to keep himself upright as Will buried his face between his legs.

“Yes, Will…” Hannibal encouraged, now becoming breathless. Something only Will could bring him to. Only Will could make his heart race and his breath catch. Years of stalking and killing, of taunting the authorities and he had never broken a sweat.

He was sweating now.

He wanted to strip out of his jacket, but Will’s attentions were too relentless to allow it.

When Will ceased his tongue fucking and took Hannibal’s cock into his mouth, Hannibal let out a cry. The sudden change had been unexpected but welcome. He was panting and shaking as Will sucked him, both of them moaning when they felt his cock throb in Will’s mouth. He drew back and alternately lapped and sucked - lathing the whole area with his eager tongue.

Hannibal removed his hands from the wall - his back still pressed hard to it. He was all but balancing on one leg - the other tightening around Will’s shoulder - as he threaded his fingers into Will’s hair and gripped tight. He rocked his hips, fucking sharply into Will’s mouth, squeezing his eyes tight with bliss when Will matched the rhythm.

Hannibal pumped his cock, fingers moving with practiced ease over his throbbing member. He bit down on his lower lip, imagining Will on his knees as he fucked his mouth. How beautiful the man would look like that. Or on his back, or on top of Hannibal, in his bed, on the chaise… perhaps on the kitchen counter…The images of other fantasies overlapped in his greediness to have them all.

He felt his climax pooling, knowing that it would crest suddenly as always - that he would reach that peak and tumble over it within moments. Hannibal slowed his fingers, though his hips continued to rock slightly.

He grunted as he came. His cock throbbing between his fingers, twitching in it's futile desire to ejaculate, as his front hole contracted. One day he would have Will Graham inside him as that happened, and watch the man's face as he milked his orgasm from him.

Hannibal shook as he came, his fingers gripping so tight in Will's hair that the man cried out in pain. Hannibal didn't let up, and despite his discomfort neither did Will - licking and sucking him as he twitched and throbbed. As though unable to resist, Will pushed his tongue inside Hannibal once more, moaning as he felt the flexing of muscles. No doubt imaging his cock in place of his tongue. Something Hannibal had no plans to deny him.

With the sort of fluidity allowed only in fiction, Will wrapped his hands as high up around Hannibal as he could manage and lowered him to the ground. Hannibal relaxed into the luxurious carpet while Will continued to work between his legs. His one leg still hitched over Will's shoulder made a visual difficult, but the jerky movement as Will lapped up his essence, made clear that he was now pleasuring himself.

The look on his face as he came into his own fist was indeed beautiful, but Hannibal was sure it would prove to be a pale imitation.

A smile pulled at Hannibal's lips. Not so much a consideration to Will's pleasure that he desired Will's climax in his fantasy, more a consideration to his own pleasure at watching the man come.

Hannibal tried to level his breathing, panting heavily as he came down from his euphoria and drew back from this wonderful wing of his mind palace. Of course, these were not idle fantasies, he had every intention of bringing these to fruition with Will in the very real and visceral world.

It was fact, not arrogant presumption. He was merely biding his time, and waiting for the right opportunity to present itself.

End Notes

Sequel = Assumption

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